grow up to be schizophrenic.

Johnny figured in a world of diminished expectations, it was unrealistic to expect to be president.

He wouldn't make GRAND VIZIER.

There was murmuring in the gallery.

Young men, sporting tan-colored coats and shiny black boots, loitered under the balcony, shaded from Hydro....

Butch....

They believed Sane and Praetorius were MAD. Who ELSE?

It could have been anyone. It was non-evidence, faith-based MENTAL HELL.

Anti-psychotic and schizo-mimetic.

Nobody got cured. There wasn't even a diagnosis. Just belief.

When they were asked to take so much - merely on BELIEF, on FAITH - and that some MOUNTEBANK'S SUPERSTITION (somebody who couldn't sell a used car, let alone an ideology - or a taxonomy) - some BIO-PHARMACOLOGICAL notion of "THE BRAIN" - then it wasn't really an EVIDENCE-BASED HOSPITAL any more - it was A NEW KIND OF HOSPITAL (as they were so fond of repeating) - a BAD FAITH MEDICINE SHOW RELIGION....

$CAMH....

A CULT CLOWN SHOW....

The remainder of TRIXIE SANE's highly "stigmatizing" ("three of you are going to get schizophrenia"?!) and emotionally manipulative TRASH TALK (with tear-jerking poster people and several Alpo-San POMERANIAN COMFORT DOGS for pathos) was only too discoverable on-line.

In North Korea, it became a HIT with the DEAR LEADER.

Johnny never realized that a prize-winning communicator could be so stupid and unscrupulous. The runner-ups?

Stalin? Hitler? Grand Vizier Alapaloozah after more than a few too many at Granny's Pro Shoppe?

Impossible to imagine....